

ALASKA finds it necessary to employ only nineteen policemen, the coldness of the climate making it impossible to sleep while on duty.

It is reported that apples are not keeping so well this season as usual, and as a reason given it is said the fruit was affected by the last summer's drought.

If Uncle Sam would go for Turkey in Asia as he does for turkey in the United States "the unspeakable" would kill fewer Christians during the coming year.

SOME of the natural crooks who have been masquerading as expert financiers for the various get-rich-quick societies are again falling into the hands of the right people. They are going to jail.

The czar in celebrating his nuptials, remitted the taxes of the peasants, pardoned many prisoners and annulled the banishment of the Polish rebels. When marriage makes a young man feel good enough to do all that it is very far from being a failure.

Those ladies who have in the past obtained gold fish for their aquariums from the United States Fish commission, have now to go without, the demands having become excessive. Gold fish will, however, be supplied to state commissions, parks and public fountains.

MANY citizens of Brooklyn indignantly protest against the consolidation of their city with "greater New York." However, as New York has already counted Brooklyn's population into its next census, this sudden exhibition of a desire to be exclusive will be unavailing.

The school year in South Carolina is only seventy days long while male teachers are paid an average of seventy-five cents a day and female teachers sixty-five cents. About one-fourth of the school houses are log and the average attendance is only 165,115 out of an enrollment of 226,766.

The most interesting case of real, all wool Yankee that has recently come to our notice is that of the hunter in Northern Maine who, hearing that the wardens were on his track, went before the justice, complained of himself for poaching and pocketed half the fine in accordance with the statute for poaching cases made and provided.

If philanthropists really want to see the Indians grow and develop and get a proper idea of the sacredness of the marriage obligation, the red men should at once be removed from the reservations and placed in Chicago and other civilized cities where divorces are unknown, where man never gets tired of his wife, and where a wife never gets mad and goes home to her mother.

The wedding day manifesto of the young czar of Russia was the most benevolent and sweeping in its grants of favors of any issued in fifty years except the one granting liberty to the serfs. If the young man fulfills these early promises, nihilism and bomb-making will become lost arts in that nation and "Darkest Russia" will be known as "Brightest Russia."

The plan which certain people in Hamilton, Ontario, are considering of connecting their place with points in the surrounding parts of that province by electric roads is one that some day will be carried into effect in many parts of the world. It is entirely practicable, and it is a method of connecting suburban points with cities which would cost but little in comparison with the construction of steam roads.

SO GREAT has been the success of the railroad line opened about two years ago between Jaffa and Jerusalem that the company has been encouraged to propose to the Ottoman authorities to build at its own expense an entire system of quays in the port of Jaffa, besides a new custom house. That such an offer should be made, and that there should exist a railroad company in Palestine capable of carrying it out, are favorable evidences of the progress of railroad enterprise in the Holy Land.

LAST year only about twelve per cent of American exports was carried in American vessels, the shippers of the United States paying foreign ship owners \$200,000,000 annually for freight charges and passenger fares. There is no reason in the nature of things why Americans should not do their own carrying and save this \$200,000,000. They did it for many years and in the good times coming they will do it again, and not improbably they may do a considerable part of the carrying of other nations.

EVERY once in a while a dispatch comes across the Atlantic that one of our ministers has been to a banquet of a board of trade or a lord mayor, or a medical or legal society, or some other function, and has made a speech consisting chiefly of complimentary references to the people and the institutions of the country in which they are officially entertaining. Now we have yet to notice that foreign ministers in this country spend their time going around making gushing post-prandial speeches or addresses at public receptions.

THE CITY OF BLOOD.

CAWNPORE, INDIA. A SCENE OF AWFUL CARNAGE.

Dr. Talmage Tells of the Scenes Recalled by His Wanderings About the City of the Terrible Nana Sahib—Description of the Mass.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 9.—Dr. Talmage to-day delivered through the press the second of his "Round the World" series of sermons, the subject being, "The City of Blood," and the text selected being, Psalms, 141: 7, "Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth. But mine eyes are unto thee, O God the Lord."

Though you may read this text from the Bible, I read it as cut by chisel into the pedestal of a cross beneath which lie many of the massacred at Cawnpore, India. To show you what Hinduism and Mohammedanism really are, where they have full swing, and not as they represent themselves in a "parliament of religions," and to demonstrate to what extent of cruelty and abomination human nature may go when fully let loose, and to illustrate the hardening process of sin, and to remind you how our glorious Christianity may utter its triumph over death and the grave, I preach this my second sermon in the "Round the World" series, and I shall speak of "The City of Blood," or Cawnpore, India.

Two hours and ten minutes after its occurrence, Joseph Lee of the Shropshire regiment of Foot, rode in upon the Cawnpore massacre. He was the first man I met at Cawnpore. I wanted to hear the story from some one who had been here in 1857, and with his own eyes gazed upon the slaughtered heaps of humanity. I could hardly wait until the horses were put to the carriage, and, Mr. Lee, seated with us, started for the scene, the story of which makes tame in contrast all Modoc and Choctaw butcheries.

It seems that all the worst passions of the century were to be impersonated by one man, and he, Nana Sahib, and our escort at Cawnpore, Joseph Lee, knew the man personally. Unfortunately, there is no correct picture of Nana Sahib in existence. The pictures of him published in the books of Europe and America, and familiar to us all, are an amusing mistake. This is the fact in regard to them: A lawyer of England was called to India for the purpose of defending the case of a native who had been charged with fraud. The attorney came and so skillfully managed the case of his client that the client paid him enormously for his services, and he went back to England, taking with him a picture of his Indian client. After awhile the picture in India broke out, and Nana Sahib was mentioned as the champion villain of the whole affair, and the newspapers of England wanted a picture of him and to interview some one on Indian affairs who had recently been in India. Among others the journalists called upon this lawyer, lately returned. The only picture he had brought from India was a picture of his client, the man charged with fraud. The attorney gave this picture to the journals as a specimen of the way the Hindus dress, and forthwith the picture was used, either by mistake or intentionally, for Nana Sahib. The English lawyer said he lived in dread that his client would some day see the use made of his picture, and it was not until the death of his Hindu client that the lawyer divulged the facts. Perhaps it was never intended that the face of such a demon should be preserved amid human records. I said to our escort: "Mr. Lee, was there any peculiarity in Nana Sahib's appearance?" The reply was, "Nothing very peculiar; he was a dull, lazy, cowardly, sensual man, brought up to do nothing, and wanted to continue on the same scale to do nothing." From what Mr. Lee told me, and from all I could learn in India, Nana Sahib ordered the massacre in that city from sheer revenge. His father abdicating the throne, and the English paid him annually a pension of \$400,000. When the father died, the English government declined to pay the same pension to the son, Nana Sahib, but the poor fellow was not in any suffering from lack of funds. His father left him \$80,000 in gold ornaments; \$500,000 in jewels; \$500,000 in bonds, and other resources amounting to at least \$1,500,000. But the poor young man was not satisfied, and the Cawnpore massacre was his revenge. Gen. Wheeler, the Englishman who had command of this city, although often warned, could not see that the Sepoys were planning for his destruction, and that of all his regiments, and all the Europeans in Cawnpore.

Mr. Lee explained all this to me by the fact that Gen. Wheeler had married a native, and he naturally took her story, and thought there was no peril. But the time for the proclamation from Nana Sahib had come, and such a document went forth as never before had seen the light of day. I give only an extract: "As by the kindness of God, and the good fortune of the emperor, all the Christians who were at Delhi, Poonah, Sattara and other places, and even those 5,000 European soldiers who went in disguise into the former city and were discovered, are destroyed and sent to hell by the pious and sagacious troops, who are firm to their religion, and as they have all been conquered by the present government, and as no trace of them is left in these places, it is the duty of all the subjects and servants of the government to rejoice at their respective work with comfort and ease. As by the bounty of the glorious Almighty and the enemy destroying fortune of our emperor, the yellow

diabolism. Now we are on the way to a summer house, called the assembly rooms, which had been built for recreation and pleasure. It had two rooms each 29x10, and some windowless closets, and here were imprisoned 206 helpless people. It was to become the prison of these women and children. Some of these Sepoys got permission of Nana Sahib to take one or more of these ladies to their own place, on the promise they should be brought back to the summer garden next morning. A daughter of Gen. Wheeler was so taken and did not return. She afterward married the Mohammedan who had taken her to his tent. Some Sepoys amused themselves by thrusting children through with bayonets and holding them up before their mothers in the summer house. All the doors closed and the Sepoys standing guard, the crowded women and children waited their doom for eighteen days and nights amid sickness, and flies, and stench, and starvation.

Then Nana Sahib heard that Havelock was coming, and his name was a terror to the Sepoys. Lest the women and children imprisoned in the summer house or assembly rooms should be liberated, he ordered that their throats should be cut. The officers were commanded to do the work, and attempted it, but failed because the law of caste would not allow the Hindu to hold the victims while they were being slain. Then 100 men were ordered to fire through the windows, but they fired over the heads of the imprisoned ones, and only a few were killed. Then Nana Sahib was in a rage, and ordered professional butchers from among the lowest of the rypies to go to the work. Five of them with hatchets and swords and knives began the work, but three of them collapsed and fainted under the ghastliness, and it was left to two butchers to complete the slaughter. The struggle, the sharp cut, the blinding blow, the cleaving through scalp and skull, the begging for life, the death agony of hour after hour, the tangled limbs of the corpses, the piled up dead—only God and those who were inside the summer house can ever know. The butchers came out exhausted, thinking they had done their work, and the doors were closed. But when they were again opened, three women and three boys were still alive. All these were soon dispatched, and not a Christian or a European was left in Cawnpore. The murderers were paid fifty cents for each lady slain. The Mohammedan assassins dragged by the hair the dead bodies out of the summer house and threw them into a well, by which I stood with such feelings as you can not imagine. But after the mutilated bodies had been thrown into the well, the record of the scene remained in hieroglyphics of crimson on the floor and wall of the slaughter house. An eye witness says that, as he walked in, the blood was shoe deep, and on this blood were tufts of hair, pieces of muslin, broken combs, fragments of pinafores, children's straw hats, a card case containing a curl with the inscription, "Ned's hair, with love"; a few leaves of an Episcopal prayer book; also a book entitled, "Preparation for Death"; a Bible, on the fly leaf of which was written, "For darling mamma, from her affectionate daughter, Isabella Blair"—both the one who presented it and the one to whom it was presented, departed forever.

It was about 5 o'clock in the evening when I came upon this place in Cawnpore. The building in which the massacre took place has been torn down and a garden of exquisite and fragrant flowers surrounds the scene. Mr. Lee pointed out to us some seventy mounds containing bodies or portions of bodies of those not thrown into the well. A soldier stands on guard to keep the foliage and flowers from being ruthlessly pulled. I asked a soldier if I might take a rose as a memento, and he handed me a cluster of roses, red and white, both colors suggestive to me; the red typical of the carnage there enacted, and the white for the purity of those who from that spot ascended.

But, of course, the most absorbing interest concentrated at the well, into which hundreds of women and children were flung or lowered. A circular wall of white marble encloses this well. The wall is about twenty feet high. Inside this wall there is a marble pavement. I paced it, and found it fifty-seven paces around. In the center of this enclosure, and immediately above the well of the dead, is a sculptured angel of resurrection, with illumined face, and two palm branches, meaning victory. This angel is looking down toward the slumberers beneath, but the two wings suggest the rising of the last day. Mighty consolation in marble! They went down under the hatchets of the Sepoys; they shall come up under the trumpet that shall wake the dead. I felt weak and all a-tremble as I stood reading these words on the stone that covers the well: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, cruelly massacred near this spot by the rebel, Nana Sahib, and thrown, the dying with the dead, into the well beneath on the 15th day of July, 1857." On the arch of the mausoleum were cut the words: "These are they who came out of great tribulation."

Now, my friends, go home, after what I have said, to see the beauties of Mohammedanism and Hinduism, which many think it will be well to have introduced into America; and to dwell upon what natural evolution will do where it has had its unhindered way for thousands of years. And to think upon the wonders of martyrdom for Christ's sake; and to pray more earnest prayers for the missionaries and to contribute more largely for the world's evangelization, and to be more assured than ever that the overflow of the idolatries of nations is such a stupendous work, that nothing but an omnipotent God through the gospel of Jesus Christ can ever achieve it. Amen!

Get in the carriage," said Mr. Lee, "and we will ride to the banks of the Ganges, for which the liberated combatants and non-combatants started from this place." On our way Mr. Lee pointed out a monument over the burial place which was opened for Gen. Wheeler's in-entrenchment, the well into which every night the dead had been dropped. Around it is a curious memorial. There are five crosses, one at each corner of the garden, and one at the center from which inscription I to-day read my text. Riding on, we came to the Memorial church built to the memory of those fallen in Cawnpore. The walls are covered with tablets and epitaphs. I copied two or three of the inscriptions: "These are they who come out of great tribulation;" also, "The dead shall be raised incorruptible;" also, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world;" also, "The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away;" also, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

"Get into the carriage," said Mr. Lee, and we rode on to the Ganges, and got out of a Hindu temple standing on the banks. "Now," said Mr. Lee, "here is the place to which Gen. Wheeler and his people came under the escort of Nana Sahib." I went down the steps to the margin of the river. Down these steps went Gen. Wheeler and the men, women and children under his care. They stood on one side of the steps, and Nana Sahib and his staff stood on the other side. As the women were getting into the boats, Nana Sahib objected that only the aged and infirm women and children should go on board the boats. The young and attractive women were kept out. Twenty-eight boats were filled with men, women and children and floated out into the river. Each boat contained ten armed natives. Then three boats fastened together were brought up, and Gen. Wheeler and his staff got in. Although orders were given to start, the three boats were somehow detained. At this juncture a boy 12 years of age hoisted on top of the Hindu temple on the banks two flags, a Hindu and a Mohammedan flag, at which signal the boatmen and armed natives jumped from the boats and swam for the shore; and from innumerable guns the natives on the bank fired on the boats, and masked batteries above and below roared with destruction, and the boats sank with their precious cargo, and all went down save three strong swimmers, who got to the opposite shore. Those who struggled out near by were dashed to death. Nana Sahib and his staff with their swords slashed to pieces Gen. Wheeler and his staff, who had not got well away from the shore.

I said that the young and attractive women were not allowed to get into the boat. These were marched away under the guard of the Sepoys. "Which way?" I inquired. "I will show you," said Mr. Lee. Again we took seats in the carriage and started for the climax of desperation and

Artichokes for Hogs. Artichokes are an excellent food for cattle, sheep and horses, says a writer in exchange. Fed to milk cows, they are, for the production of milk, equal, if not superior to bran. But their greatest value is for food for hogs, as they save the work of harvesting—even the labor of feeding is avoided, as the hogs will help themselves and root up and lay bare more than they eat, so you may turn in colts, calves or sheep, which will greedily eat what is on the surface. I consider them the cheapest and healthiest hog food I can raise, and find that where brood sows have free access to artichokes they and their pigs invariably do well. They do not eat their pigs and do not seem to be "possessed of an evil spirit," as hogs do that are fed on corn the year round, and I have yet to learn of a diseased herd where artichokes are used freely in fall and spring. Artichokes have been used in some localities as hog food many years; in some parts of Illinois ten or twelve years, and are growing in favor. I think, with many others, it is best to let the hog root and give him something to root for; that ringing or cutting the nose locks him out of nature's apothecary shop, endangers his health and is a plain breach of nature's laws. Like a parsnip, freezing solid and thawing many times does not spoil them; so it is not necessary to dig them for spring use. Turn the hogs on two weeks after the blossoms fall—in this latitude, Oct. 1. Let the hogs use them any time the ground is not frozen until they begin to come up and grow again. Then your hogs have had rooting enough and will injure your pastures little or none. There is no better food to build up large, healthy frames with plenty of bone and muscle. They will not only grow but fatten on them.

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Increase the Onion Supply.

How absurd it is for us to import onions from foreign countries, say from Egypt, Spain, Cuba, the Bermudas, and other regions! Can not we raise onions of every kind, quality, fragrance, flavor, size, and any degree of piquancy? asks the New York Sun. Very surely we will say that we ought to be able to do it when we look thoughtfully at a map of the United States, when we think of the forty-four states and four territories in the American Union. New York and Connecticut onions, Texas and Kentucky onions, Virginia and South Dakota onions, Oregon and California onions—what else do the onion eaters want?—and yet we have spoken of less than one fifth of the onion producing states. We have a whole lot of varieties of good American onions, some of them better than poetry. Yet here we go along enriching the Egyptians and other foreigners by buying their onions at high prices. Look at some figures. We have this year got 61,000 large bags of onions from old Egypt, the ancient inhabitants of which worshipped the onion—and very properly, too, we say—12,000 of them from Havana, 131,000 crates of them from Bermuda, besides more of the Spanish than we can tell of, because the importing season for them has just begun. The Spanish sell for a dollar or more a crate, a good deal more at retail. These foreign onions cost us millions of money, which ought to be kept for home circulation. Now, why can not our American onion growers raise the best onions ever known to man—spring goods from the south and the Pacific, later goods from elsewhere? Why do so many of our onion eaters favor the imported article rather than the native grown? It seems to us that some of these people are more pernickety than patriotic. We ought to raise in this glorious land all the onions we consume. Why not?

Making Alfalfa Hay.

The conversion of a heavy mass of green alfalfa into a choice quality of hay is an operation calling for no small degree of skill and experience, says "Hay There." But the process is one to be learned by intelligent observation and practice, rather than from written description. The first and second crop of each season need to be cured with special care, or they will certainly mold in the stack. Beginners need to beware on this point. The knack to be acquired is that of curing the hay sufficiently to insure its keeping sweet in the stack without becoming so dry as to shed its leaves in the handling. This can not possibly be accomplished by curing fully in the swath. A method much practiced is to rake the alfalfa while still quite green into windrows, where it is allowed to cure somewhat more, and finally to make it into moderate sized cocks, in which it is allowed to stand until ready for the stack. This process makes very nice hay, but where a large acreage is to be taken care of it is too slow and expensive. Alfalfa may be cured with entire success in the windrow, but it is important, when cured in this way, that there be ample facilities for putting it into stack very rapidly when ready, otherwise it will become too dry, and much of it will be lost in the handling, especially if it has to be carried from the field on wagons. Alfalfa should be cut on the first appearance of bloom.

Spurry Condemned by Farmers.

"Spurry a foraging plant much advertised and endorsed by seedmen in this and other states has been tried and pronounced unsuccessful in Wood county by farmers who have thoroughly tested its merits," says the Grand Rapids Reporter. "Messrs. Robinson of Centralia say cattle will carefully pick other feed from out a field of spurry, avoiding the spurry itself. Mrs. William Miller of Grand Rapids, who has tried it, considers it almost a noxious weed. The cattle do not like it, and it is prolific and hard to eradicate. Mr. Whitman considers it poor stuff. Byrde Vaughan advised farmers to let it alone, to avoid getting it started. Some say 'cows prefer wild buckwheat

to it,' 'cattle won't eat it unless starved to it,' etc. Let farmers study what is best adapted to the requirements of their individual needs and learn wisdom by the experiences of others."

Electric Lights and Shade Trees.

In the larger cities, where shade trees are few and scattering, electric lights seem to have no visible effect upon their foliage. In the towns and villages, however, many of which have their electric light systems, the effect is very noticeable, the leaves appearing as though they had been subjected to the blighting breath of a harmattan. The question was recently discussed at a meeting of the eastern arboriculturists, the conclusion being that trees need darkness in order that they may sleep, and that being continually kept awake and active they have been worn out, and made prematurely old by the action of the light. That this is probably the correct solution of the mystery of the drooping leaves may be judged from the fact that similar trees in the neighborhood of those affected (though not exposed to the illumination) still retain their color and seem bright and strong.—Ex.

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